THE

MINE:

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

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THE MINE:

A DRAMATIC POEM.

By JOHN SARGENT, Eſquire.

K

Ευφαμεῖτε δε· χωρεῖτε
Γᾶς ὑπο κευθεσιν ωγυγίοισι.

ÆSCHYLUS.

Approach!—great Nature ſtudiouſly behold,
And eye the Mine without a wiſh for Gold.

POPE.

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PREFACE.

AS it is often pleaſing to the Reader to be made acquainted with the accidental origin of a Poem, I ſhall not diſſemble that the following took its riſe from a ſhort paragraph which appeared in the public prints a few years ago. The purport of it was, that a nobleman of great rank at Vienna had been condemned to the mines; and that his wife, a lady of high extraction, and in the bloom of youth and beauty, had taken the deſperate reſolution of ſharing his fate, and of accompanying him to thoſe abodes of wretchedneſs. A ſimilar circumſtance, I find, is related in ſome letters written by Mr. Everard, an Italian, a tranſlation of which is inſerted in the tenth volume of the Annual Regiſter. They contain an adventure, of which he was witneſs, at the quickſilver

mine at Idria in Friuli; and as they expreſs in a natural and lively manner the feelings that muſt ariſe in every humane breaſt upon ſuch an occaſion, I ſhall take the liberty to tranſcribe them.

LETTER I.

DEAR SIR,

THE pleaſure I always take in writing to you, wherever I am, and whatever doing, in ſome meaſure diſpels my preſent uneaſineſs; an uneaſineſs cauſed at once by the diſagreeable aſpect of every thing round me, and by the more diſagreeable circumſtances of the Count Alberti, with whom you were once acquainted. You remember him one of the gayeſt, moſt agreeable perſons at the court of Vienna; at once the example of the men, and the favourite of the fair ſex. I often heard you repeat his name with eſteem, as one of the few that did honour to the preſent age; as poſſeſſed of generoſity and

pity

pity in the higheſt degree; as one who made no other uſe of fortune, but to alleviate the diſtreſſes of mankind. That gentleman, Sir, I wiſh I could ſay is now no more; yet, too unhappily for him, he exiſts, but in a ſituation more terrible than the moſt gloomy imagination can conceive.

After paſſing through ſeveral parts of the Alps, and having viſited Germany, I thought I could not well return home without viſiting the quickſilver mines at Idria, and ſeeing thoſe dreadful ſubterraneous caverns, where thouſands are condemned to reſide, ſhut out from all hopes of ever ſeeing the cheerful light of the ſun, and obliged to toil out a miſerable life under the whips of imperious taſk-maſters. Imagine to yourſelf an hole in the ſide of a mountain, of about five yards over; down this you are let in a kind of bucket, more than a hundred fathom, the proſpect growing ſtill more gloomy, yet ſtill widening, as you deſcend. At length, after ſwinging in terrible ſuſpenſe for ſome time in this precarious ſituation, you at laſt reach the bottom, and tread on the ground; which, by its hollow ſound under your

feet, and the reverberations of the echo, ſeems thundering at every ſtep you take. In this gloomy and frightful ſolitude, you are enlightened by the feeble gleam of lamps, here and there diſpoſed, ſo as that the wretched inhabitants of theſe manſions can go from one part to another without a guide. And yet let me aſſure you, that though they by cuſtom could ſee objects very diſtinctly by thoſe lights, I could ſcarce diſcern, for ſome time, any thing, not even the perſon who came with me to ſhew me theſe ſcenes of horror.

From this deſcription, I ſuppoſe, you have but a diſagreeable idea of the place; yet let me aſſure you, that it is a palace, if we compare the habitation with its inhabitants. Such wretches my eyes never beheld. The blackneſs of their viſages only ſerves to cover an horrid paleneſs, cauſed by the noxious qualities of the mineral they are employed in procuring. As they in general conſiſt of malefactors condemned for life to this taſk, they are fed at the public expence; but they ſeldom conſume much proviſion, as they loſe their appetites in a ſhort time, and commonly in about two years expire,

pire, from a total contraction of all the joints of the body.

In this horrid manſion I walked after my guide for ſome time, pondering on the ſtrange tyranny and avarice of mankind, when I was accoſted by a voice behind me, calling me by name, and enquiring after my health with the moſt cordial affection. I turned, and ſaw a creature, all black and hideous, who approached me, and with a moſt piteous accent demanding, "Ah! Mr. Everard, "don't you know me?" Good God! what was my ſurprize, when through the veil of his wretchedneſs I diſcovered the features of my old and dear friend Alberti! I flew to him with affection, and, after a tear of condolance, aſked how he came there. To this he replied, that having fought a duel with a General of the Auſtrian infantry, againſt the Emperor's command, and having left him for dead, he was obliged to fly into one of the foreſts of Iſtria, where he was firſt taken, and afterwards ſheltered, by ſome banditti, who had long infeſted that quarter. With theſe he had lived for nine months, till, by a cloſe inveſtiture of the place in which they

they were concealed, and after a very obſtinate reſiſtance, in which the greater part of them were killed, he was taken and carried to Vienna, in order to be broke alive upon the wheel. However, upon arriving at the capital, he was quickly known; and ſeveral of the aſſociates of his accuſation and danger witneſſing his innocence, his puniſhment of the rack was changed into that of perpetual confinement and labour in the mines of Idria: a ſentence, in my opinion, a thouſand times worſe than death.

As Alberti was giving me this account, a young woman came up to him, who at once I ſaw to be born for better fortune: the dreadful ſituation of the place was not able to deſtroy her beauty; and even in this ſcene of wretchedneſs, ſhe ſeemed to have charms to grace the moſt brilliant aſſembly. This Lady was in fact daughter to one of the firſt families of Germany; and having tried every means to procure her lover's pardon without effect, was at laſt reſolved to ſhare his miſeries, as ſhe could not relieve them. With him ſhe accordingly deſcended into theſe manſions, from whence few of the living return;

turn; and with him ſhe is contented to live, forgetting the gaieties of life; with him to toil, deſpiſing the ſplendors of opulence, and contented with the conſciouſneſs of her own conſtancy.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your's, &c.

LETTER II.

DEAR SIR,

MY laſt to you was expreſſive, and perhaps too much ſo, of the gloomy ſituation of my mind. I own the deplorable ſituation of the worthy man deſcribed in it, was enough to add double ſeverity to the hideous manſion. At preſent, however, I have the happineſs of informing you, that I was ſpectator of the moſt affecting ſcene I ever yet beheld. Nine days after I had written my laſt, a perſon came poſt from Vienna to the little village near

the mouth of the greater ſhaft: he was ſoon followed by a ſecond, and he by a third. Their firſt enquiry was after the unfortunate Count; and I happening to overhear the demand, gave them the beſt information. Two of theſe were the brother and couſin of the Lady; the third was an intimate friend and fellow-ſoldier to the Count: they came with his pardon, which had been procured by the General with whom the duel had been fought, and who was perfectly recovered from his wounds. I led them with all the expedition of joy down to his dreary abode, and preſented to him his friends; and informed him of the happy change in his circumſtances. It would be impoſſible to deſcribe the joy that brightened in his grief-worn countenance; nor was the young Lady's emotion leſs vivid at ſeeing her friends, and hearing of her huſband's freedom. Some hours were employed in mending the appearance of this faithful couple; nor could I without a tear behold him taking leave of the former wretched companions of his toil. To one he left his mattock, to another his working clothes, to a third his little houſehold utenſils, ſuch

as

as were neceſſary for him in that ſituation. We ſoon emerged from the mine, when he once again reviſited the light of the ſun, that he had totally deſpaired of ever ſeeing. A poſt-chaiſe and four were ready the next morning to take them to Vienna; where, I am ſince informed by a letter from himſelf, they are returned. The Empreſs has again taken him into favour; his fortune and rank are reſtored; and he and his fair partner now have the pleaſing ſatisfaction of feeling happineſs with double reliſh, as they once knew what it was to be miſerable.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your's, &c.

TO this affecting detail of our Italian traveller, I ſhall ſubjoin a picture of the ſame kind, delineated by the hand of an eminent Greek Hiſtorian. It is the more deſerving notice, as it contains a curious account of the manner in which the gold mines were worked in the remoteſt ages; and as it may convince us, however we may pride ourſelves upon our advancement in knowledge

and refinement, that we ſtill adopt the barbarous practices of unenlightened times, when, in ſpite of the dictates of humanity, and of a pure and benevolent religion, we perſiſt to inflict upon our fellow-creatures a puniſhment ſo much worſe than death *.

"On the confines of Egypt, Arabia, and Ethiopia," ſays Diodorus Siculus, "there is a tract of land abounding with minerals, and particularly with gold, which is extracted with infinite labour and expence. The ſoil, which is hard and black, is interſected with veins of marble of the moſt brilliant whiteneſs and luſtre. In this ſpot the ſuperintendants of the mines employ a great number of workmen to procure the ore; for the Kings of Egypt ſend all thoſe perſons to the mines who have been convicted of any crime, as well as the priſoners taken in war, and every one who, being falſely or juſtly

* It is but juſt to remark, that ſome of the principal European mines are not converted to theſe tyrannical purpoſes. Thoſe in the foreſt of Hartz, which I have viſited with peculiar pleaſure, are regulated by the moſt admirable rules of humanity and ſound policy. A curious and pleaſing account of that very ſingular and induſtrious community may be found in a work of Monſ. de Luc, intitled, "Lettres ſur la Terre," tom. iii. lett. 63 and 64.

accuſed, has incurred their reſentment. Their families are often involved in the ſame fate; and their ſovereign, by theſe means, not only ſatisfies his vengeance, but derives a great advantage from their puniſhment. Theſe unhappy perſons, the number of whom is very conſiderable, have chains faſtened upon their legs, and are condemned to toil day and night without intermiſſion, or any hope of eſcaping from their wretchedneſs: for they have foreign ſoldiers ſet over them, who ſpeak a different language from themſelves, which renders it impoſſible for them to corrupt their guards, either by familiarity or promiſes. When the ſoil which contains the ore is too hard, they ſoften it by fire; after which they apply their manual exertions, and break it in pieces with iron tools adapted to that purpoſe. A ſkilful perſon ſuperintends the buſineſs, who is acquainted with the veins of the mine, and directs the workmen to them. The ſtrongeſt priſoners are employed to cleave the rocks with ſharp iron mallets; a work which demands only bodily ſtrength, and no ſuperior dexterity. They drive their wedges obliquely, as they are directed by the glimmering of the ore; and as it is often neceſſary to make ſudden

turns to follow the veins of the mineral, and becauſe the ſubterraneous cavities in which they work are extremely dark, they have lamps affixed to their foreheads. By varying their poſture as often as their ſituation requires it, they break off the pieces of rock, which fall down at their feet. In this manner they toil inceſſantly, being compelled by the menaces and the ſtripes of their taſk-maſters. Into the ſmaller cavities of the rock little children are ſent, who extract from thence the minute pieces of ore, and convey them to the mouth of the mine. The men of about thirty years of age have a certain quantity of the mineral given them, which they pound in mortars with iron peſtles, and reduce to the ſize of a grain of millet. The women and old men then receive it, and placing it under grind-ſtones, which are ranged in order for that purpoſe, they diſpoſe of themſelves two or three to each mill, and grind it till they have reduced it to the fineneſs of meal, of which they have a ſample given them. It is impoſſible not to compaſſionate the extreme miſery of theſe wretches, who are not permitted to beſtow any care on their perſons, nor to cover their nakedneſs. No mercy is at any time

ſhewn

ſhewn either to the ſick or maimed, to the weakneſs of the female ſex, or the debility of age; but they are compelled by ſtripes to perſevere, till their ſtrength is exhauſted, and they expire with fatigue. Thus this unfortunate people have no hope but in death, and the horrors of their ſituation make them dread the prolongation of life.—The ſuperintendants, who take the ore when it is reduced to a fine powder, finiſh their work in the following manner. They ſpread it upon planks a little inclined, and waſh it copiouſly with water. The earthy particles are thus carried away by the force of the ſtream, while the gold, on account of its weight, is left behind. This operation being frequently repeated, they rub the ore lightly between their hands; after which they dry it with fine ſponges, till all impurity is removed, and the powder is perfectly clean. Other workmen then take it, and having weighed and meaſured it, put it into earthen pots. A certain proportion of lead is afterwards added to it, with a few grains of ſalt, a little tin, and ſome barley meal. They pour the whole into covered veſſels, exactly luted, which they place in a furnace for five days and nights ſucceſſively: then,

then, having allowed it time to cool, no further mixture of impure matter is found, but the gold is entirely purified, with very little waſte. Such is the manner in which they obtain gold on the confines of Egypt, with immenſe labour. Thus Nature herſelf points out with what great difficulty the acquiſition of this metal is attended; which, when procured, can only be retained by extreme caution and diligence; and the uſe of which is productive of ſo much delight and ſolicitude *!"

Such is the account of that humane Hiſtorian. With reſpect to the following Poem, I ſhall only detain the reader by one ſhort reflection.

As the limits of true philoſophy are extended, the writer of every ſpecies of compoſition is entitled to avail himſelf of its diſcoveries, and by deriving new images

* Diodorus Siculus, lib. iii. p. 150. edit. Rhodomani.—It is probable the Hiſtorian was an eye-witneſs of what he relates with ſo much minuteneſs, as he took very extenſive journeys to collect materials for his Work. The reader who is deſirous of knowing what analogy there is between the ancient manner of working the gold mines, and the proceſs adopted at preſent, may compare the above account with that of Don Antonio de Ulloa, who deſcribes the management of the mines of Caxa, in the province of Quito.—Ulloa, vol. i. p. 450.

and

and ſimilitudes from them, to confer on his work a greater degree of utility and embelliſhment. In an age when the ſtudies of natural hiſtory are proſecuted with peculiar ſucceſs, an attempt to unite Poetry and Science * may perhaps not be unfavourably received, or at leaſt may be exempted from the charge either of affectation or pedantry. It will occur to the candid, that the imagination, in ſuch caſes, may be indulged, without deſerting truth; and that whatever contributes to bring us acquainted with the works of Nature, has a tendency both to enlarge the underſtanding, and to improve the heart.

* "C'eſt par la Poeſie que l'Hiſtoire Naturelle penetre juſques dans les cabinets de ceux qui ne prennent pas la peine de l'aller chercher dans les champs ou dans les abîmes de la terre. Lorſqu' une image nous a charmé dans un poeme, nous devenons curieux d'en voir la realité, et nous ne l'avons plutot vue que la memoire en conſerve le fidele depot." —See a curious and maſterly Diſſertation of Profeſſor Michaëlis, on the reciprocal Influence of Language and Opinion, p. 84, printed at Bremen, 1762.——An Author of our own nation has pointed out, with great ingenuity, the beauties which many eminent poets have derived from this ſource. May it not, however, juſtly excite our ſurprize, that a writer of ſo much ſagacity and taſte ſhould have proſcribed any part of the various productions of Nature, by pronouncing "the mineral kingdom to be ſteril, and unaccommodated to deſcription?"—Eſſay on the Poetical Uſe of Natural Hiſtory, by Mr. Aikin, p. 33.

LAVINGTON,
JULY 30, 1784.

PERSONS

PERSONS *of the* DRAMA.

COUNT MAURICE, } *Hungarian Noblemen.*
LEOPOLD, }

CONRAD, }
FREDERIC, } *Priſoners in the Mine.*
JULIANA, }

GNOMES *and* SUBTERRANEOUS SPIRITS.

SCENE, *the Quickſilver Mine at Idria*.*

* The Stage, whenever the Gnomes enter, is to be ſuddenly illuminated, but at other times is to be kept as dark as poſſible.

THE

THE MINE.

COUNT MAURICE, LEOPOLD.

COUNT MAURICE.

OUR ſhort allotted interval of reſt
From yon faint noiſe, I deem, is almoſt ſpent;
For through this ſubterraneous priſon-houſe
The fragrant breath of Heaven hath never blown;
Nor know we the ſweet interchange of day
And balmy night: we to laborious taſks
Ariſe, but thou to liberty and life.

LEOPOLD.

Yet without thee, whoſe generous aid ſuſtain'd
My fainting ſpirit, how ſhall I reviſit

The day-ſpring, how accept the proffer'd boon
Of long-wiſh'd freedom?

COUNT MAURICE.

'Tis three months and more,
Since on this pendent vault, with trembling hand,
I etch'd the ſad memorial of my name,
And on its ſparry architrave began
To chronicle each day of growing woe;
Yet innocence, and Heaven's kind diſpenſation
To the deep ſuffering of my deſperate wrongs,
So reconcile me, that with this hard yoke
I quarrel not, but in my friend's releaſe
A higher argument of comfort find,
Than ſorrow in my endleſs ſervitude.

LEOPOLD.

O wondrous virtue!

COUNT MAURICE.

What a fate was ours!
Auſpicious fortune ſmil'd upon our birth,
Shower'd on our proſperous head each laviſh gift
Of nobleneſs and power, e'en with the bounty
Of a fond parent; then with envious guile,

Like

Like a harſh ſtep-dame, tore her boons away,
Made the meek nature of our Sovereign change
To bittereſt cruelty, and turn'd our merit
Of loyal ſervice to opprobrious guilt.

LEOPOLD.

Was it for this, when faithleſs kings combin'd,
And in her youthful hand the ſceptre ſhook—
When each ſad hour was fruitful with the tidings
Of ſome new loſs—was it for this we ſummon'd
Our vaſſals to the field, brav'd every peril,
And made her boldly face a world in arms?

COUNT MAURICE.

Yes, I remember when in Preſburg's walls
She ſought her brave Hungarians*; in her arms
The infant prince ſhe claſp'd, who to her neck
Clung trembling at the dazzling files, and ſound
Of martial minſtrelſy: "Defend," ſhe cried,
"Your Queen, with foes beſet; her Son protect,
"And ſave the guardian of your laws and realm."

* The ſpirited and loyal ſupport which the late Empreſs Maria Thereſa received from her Hungarian ſubjects, when ſhe was driven from her capital by her enemies, is well known. Their ſingular exclamation on that occaſion is ſtill remembered: "Moriamur pro rege noſtro Maria Thereſa!"

LEOPOLD.

What loyalty, what ardent valour beam'd
In every eye! Yet, the rough conflict paſt,
Our worthieſt deeds were loſt, our love miſconſtrued
To factious pride, and patriot zeal requited
With theſe diſaſtrous ſhades and penal chains.

COUNT MAURICE.

Had we o'erleap'd each bound and high reſtraint
Of ſacred duty—againſt the throne itſelf
Rais'd traiterous war—what elſe had we deſerv'd
Than to be pent within theſe diſmal tracts
Of darkneſs and affliction? to behold
Sights of infernal toil and horrid woe?
Our birth and noble natures to forget,
And mixing with a baſe promiſcuous crew,
To ſhare the drudgery of their ſervile taſks?
But thy glad hour of freedom comes, and half
My ſufferings end.

LEOPOLD.

What boots it that the body
Be freed from harſh reſtraint, if tyrannous grief
Inthrall the mind? I will not, cannot leave thee!

COUNT MAURICE.

Spurn not thy Sovereign's mercy. Would'ſt thou make
My miſery more perfect?

LEOPOLD.

No, I would dwell
For years contented in this vaporous dungeon,
Delve the thick-ribbed rocks with fervent toil,
And hear the viewleſs winds inceſſant roar,
Impriſon'd like ourſelves within the depths
Of theſe perplexed labyrinths—could I abridge
Thy ſorrow, and ranſom our remaining age.

COUNT MAURICE.

Go, and may Heaven its own high purpoſes
Ordain! Whate'er my portion, I exult
In thy deliverance: when thou ſhalt inhale
The breezy air, and with a thirſt as keen
As the parch'd Arab feels on Nubia's ſand,
Drink the refreſhing ſtream of living light—
Thy ſoul-felt extaſy ſhall I partake
'Midſt this abhorr'd privation. But I'm ſummon'd
To my ignominious taſk.—Farewell for ever! [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter * GNOMES *and* SUBTERRANEOUS SPIRITS.

To us our Queen, who in the central earth,
'Midſt fiery lavas, on baſaltine ſeas

Deep-

* That inimitable poem, The Rape of the Lock, has made the ſyſtem of the Roſicruſians, it is preſumed, familiar to every one. Thoſe ſpeculative alchymiſts revived the old Platonic philoſophy; and not only appropriated peculiar ſpirits to the air and water, but ſuppoſed even fire, and the deepeſt receſſes of the earth, to have their ſpiritual inhabitants. Πολλα δαιμονων γενη, και παντοδαπα τας ιδεας και τα σωματα· ως ειναι πληρη μεν τον αερα, τον τε ὑπερθεν ἡμων και τον περι ἡμας, πληρη δε γαιαν και θαλατταν, και τας μυχαιτατας και βυθιας τοπους. (Michael Pſellus, p. 41.)—The ſpirits, who were ſuppoſed by the Roſicruſians to inhabit the earth, received from them the name of Gnomes. So congenial is it to the human mind to aſſociate the idea of ſupernatural agents with darkneſs and the wonders of the ſubterraneous world, that ſuch ſuperſtitious notions are generally found to prevail among the people who inhabit the mine countries. Thoſe of Idria, in particular, we learn from Keyſler, are not exempt from this weakneſs. "As the inhabitants of all mine towns have their ſtories of goblins, ſo are the people here ſtrongly poſſeſſed with a notion of ſuch apparitions that haunt the mines. It is ſaid that the miners of Idria have formerly been ſo ſuperſtitious, as to ſet ſome proviſions for the mine ſpirit every day, in order to render him propitious and favourable to them. It is added, that every year they hung up a red ſuit of clothes in one of the paſſages of the mine. This little old man with a great head (for that is the ſhape he generally aſſumes) is ſaid not to ſhew himſelf ſo frequently ſince annual proceſſions have been performed with the Hoſt, and the Monks have conſecrated thoſe places, where he uſed to be moſt miſchievous, with holy water and other ceremonies. However, they ſtill believe that he ſometimes knocks when they are at work in the mines; upon which they immediately leave off, having, as they pretend, often experienced, that, if they do not

Deep-thron'd, the illimitable waſte enjoys,
Enormous ſolitude! has given theſe
Her ſubterraneous realms; bids us dwell here
In the abyſs of darkneſs, and exert
Immortal Alchymy; the criſped founts
To cryſtallize, and point the gliſtening ſpar,
Ruby and hyacinth, and precious ore,
Quickening fell Avarice, and obdurate Pride.
Yet want we not ſuch pleaſures as befit
Celeſtial minds: for in this boundleſs gulf,
When man, to whom a doleful priſon it ſeems,
Would wreak on Innocence ſome foul revenge,
Her fainting virtue we ſuſtain, and waft
Her agonizing ſighs to Mercy's ear.
But ſee! our Queen approaches.

immediately lay by their tools out of reſpect to the goblin, but continue to work in oppoſition to him, ſome misfortune or other never fails to happen to them for their preſumption." Keyſler's Travels, vol. iii. p. 377.—To this popular ſuperſtition of the Miners, our great Poet alludes in his Comus:

" No Goblin or ſwart Fairy of the Mine
" Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity."

QUEEN

QUEEN *of the* GNOMES, SUBTERRANEOUS SPIRITS.

QUEEN.

Ye Gnomes, ye puiſſant Spirits, who delight
To range th' unfathomable depths of night;
Who theſe ſtupendous realms undaunted ſway,
To whom this cold is heat, this darkneſs day;
Speed thro' the earthy layers your fluid courſe,
Looſe the ſoft ſand, the marle obſtructive force;
Of latent rills the bubbling fount unlock,
And gem with cryſtal every gliſtening rock;
Each devious cleft, each ſecret cell explore,
And from its fiſſures draw the ductile ore;
Thro' ponderous ſhades diffuſe the golden rays,
And bid th' imperial Lord of Metals blaze *;
His radiant form inveſt with many a zone †,
And place the tyrant on Peruvia's throne.

* Gold, by the chymiſts, is ſtyled Sol et Rex Metallorum, The Sun and Sovereign of Metals.—See the ſecond of Dr. Wall's Diſſertations on Chymiſtry and Medicine, in which he explains how the ſymbols of Aſtronomy were transferred to Alchymy, and why each ſign was appropriated to its reſpective metal.

† Gold is never found in the ſtate of a true ore, unleſs when blended with a *large proportion* of other metals. The chief mines of it, it is well known, are in South America.

From

From trickling drops diſtil the ſilvery dew,
Pale as the creſcent's be its virgin hue;
The ſtarry luſtre let Platina ſhare,
While wondering Dian hails her argent pair*:
To theſe the deadly grain of Saturn join,
And Cytherea's favourite ore combine†;
Let each ſoft tint the beauteous maſs pervade,
And vivid lights contraſt with ambient ſhade.
Midſt flinty crags, on bed of glittering ſpars,
Spread the red Mineral of indignant Mars:
Tho' fierce, he ruſhes to the Magnet's ſide,
And as an ardent bridegroom claſps his bride:

* Silver, by the chymiſts, is ſtyled Diana Metallorum. Platina, a new metal lately diſcovered in the gold mines of the Spaniſh Weſt Indies, reſembles it much in colour, though in other reſpects it comes nearer to gold. The Count de Buffon indeed is of opinion, that Platina is not a new metal, but only a natural mixture of gold and iron. See an account of his experiments, Supplement à l'Hiſtoire Naturelle, tom. i. p. 301.—Mr. Kirwan, with more propriety, has arranged it among the metals next to gold.

† Lead and Copper; the one called Saturn, the other Venus, by the chymiſts. The noxious effects of the former have been inveſtigated with ſagacity and preciſion by Sir George Baker, Medic. Tranſ. vol. i. and ii. The ores of the latter are often of the moſt brilliant colours, being variegated like the rainbow or peacock's tail.

To his dark caves the Naiads lead by ſtealth,
And let Hygeia boaſt her liquid wealth*.

* Iron, by the chymiſts, is denominated Mars; and is well known, when infuſed in water, to conſtitute the chalybeate ſprings, applied to ſo many purpoſes of health. The phænomenon of its attraction by the magnet is very familiar, and has been frequently alluded to and deſcribed by the poets. The lines of Claudian on that ſubject are not worthy of him; but the Author of the Poem, Περι Λιθων, which (without the leaſt ground indeed of reaſon or probability) has been imputed to Orpheus, has deſcribed the magnet in a beautiful manner. However his taſte might be degraded by the age in which he lived, his imagination was rich and elegant. The conjecture of Mr. Tyrwhit in the following paſſage, with a ſimplicity that beſpeaks its truth, at once corrects the ſenſe, and rectifies the metre:

Τολμα δ'αθαναλης και ενηεϊ μειλισσεσθαι
Μαγνησα· την δ'εξοχ' εφιλαϊο Θηριος Αρης
Ὁυνεκεν οππόϊε κεν πελασσοι πολιοιο σιδηρε,
Ηὔτε παρθενικη γλαγοφρονι χερσιν ἑλκυσα
Ηϊθεον στεριω προσπλυσσεται ἱμεροεντι,
Ως ηγ' ἁρπαζυσα ποϊ σφεϊερον δεμας αιει,
Και παλιν ικ ἐθελει μεθεμεν πολεμιςα σιδηρον.

Περι Λιθων, ver. 301.—κτλ.

Immortal minds the Magnet can delight,
And Mars exulting owns his potent might;
For when the near approach you bid him feel,
His powers attractive fix the quivering ſteel:
And as a maid, who firſt reveals her charms,
Claſps her dear lover in her trembling arms,
To his fond breaſt he draws, to part no more,
And holds with ardent graſp the martial ore.

Quick

Quick as thro' night electric eddies gleam,
Or atoms quiver in the ſolar beam,
Make the bright orbs of volant Hermes ſhine,
And every charm reflect from Beauty's ſhrine*.
Go too, ye miniſters of wrath and pain,
Awake the horrors of our drear domain,
That ſtartling mortals may confeſs your might,
And own the wonders work'd in ten-fold night:
In mineral cells the ſecret damp prepare,
Sublime each fume, and fix the poiſonous air;
Of hoary fens exalt the ſtagnant breath,
And load the paſſing gale with plagues and death†.

Thro'

* The globules of Mercury divide upon touch into numerous ſmaller ones; the minuteſt of which, that can be diſtinguiſhed by the naked eye, appear perfect ſpecula, reflecting very vividly the images of neighbouring objects.

† The different elaſtic fluids exiſting in metals, and other ſubſtances, have lately attracted the attention of philoſophers; whoſe diſcoveries, particularly thoſe of Dr. Prieſtley, are infinitely curious and important. A general account of them is to be found in Sir John Pringle's elegant Diſcourſe on that ſubject. Dr. White has, by numerous experiments, demonſtrated how much the effluvia of bogs or marſhes diminiſh the air. He gives a dreadful inſtance indeed of this, in the diabolical revenge of the Arabs; who, when they think themſelves injured by the Turks at Baſſora, break down the banks of the river,

Thro' yelling gulfs outrageous whirlwinds urge*,
Or curl the toſſing pool with fiery ſurge†;
Bid flaming cataracts round Veſuvius glow,
Bid Hecla thunder thro' incumbent ſnow;
From Cotopaxi's heights the deluge pour,
And melt a thouſand winters' frozen ſtore‡;

and lay all its environs under water. As the water evaporates, the mud and other impurities ſo vitiate the air, as to cauſe a moſt mortal fever in that populous city. This was the caſe when Mr. Ives was there:—of this fever fourteen thouſand ſouls periſhed; and of the Europeans ſettled there, only three eſcaped with life.—A moſt horrid mode of revenge! and a dreadful example of the deadly effects of marſhes and ſtagnant waters in hot climates.—Philoſ. Tranſ. vol. lxviii. p. 194.

* There is a lake in the diſtrict of Boleſlaw, in Bohemia, that contains many gulfs of a depth which it is impoſſible to fathom; and from whence it frequently happens that ſuch impetuous hurricanes aſcend, as blow over the whole country, and in the winter force away in their paſſage pieces of ice of above a hundred weight.—Act. Lipſ. Anno 1682, p. 246.—Buffon, Hiſt. Nat. tom. i. p. 427.

† Pliny relates that the lake Traſymenus took fire, and burnt for ſome time.—Hiſt. Nat. lib. ii. c. 107.

‡ One of the moſt extraordinary volcanic mountains is Cotopaxi, in the province of Quito: it is three miles perpendicular above the level of the ſea; and the ſound of one of its eruptions was heard at 150 miles diſtance. In 1742, M. M. Bouger and Condamine were witneſſes of a dreadful inundation, occaſioned by the ſnow on the top of the mountain being melted by the heat of the volcano.—See Voyage par M. M. Bouger & Condamine, pour determiner la Figure de la Terre, p. 68; and Ulloa, vol. i. p. 442.

Beneath

Beneath the main expanſive vapours raiſe,
And with metallic embers feed the blaze,
Till the black vortex of the water boils,
And Ocean wonders at his new-form'd iſles*;
Or riven mountains from their baſe are hurl'd†,
And elemental wars convulſe the world.

Such be your taſks to-day: a choſen band
Within the precincts of this echoing mine
With me remain, to ſuccour a ſad pair
Whom the harſh mandate of misjudging rule,
And ſuborn'd violence, here conſtrains to dwell.
Now to your works.

The GNOMES *divide and ſing.*

Sylphs, no more in haunted groves
Boaſt your vegetable loves;

* Numberleſs are the inſtances of iſlands being formed by ſubterraneous fires.—Plin. Hiſt. Nat. lib. ii. c. 36, 37.—Buffon, Hiſt. Nat. tom. i. p. 536.—Philoſ. Tranſ. vol. v. p. 197.

† Such accidents in the Andes are not uncommon.—Buffon. Hiſt. Nat. tom. i. p. 550.—This ſpectacle indeed has been recently exhibited in all its terrors.—See a Letter from Sir William Hamilton to the Royal Society, giving an account of the late earthquake in Calabria and Sicily.

Nor

Nor the bloom young Zephyrs fling
O'er the vermil cheek of Spring;
Nor the dewy fragrance, born
From the treſſes of the morn.
Whereſoe'er our footſteps turn,
Rubies bluſh, and diamonds burn;
Every grot and ſilver cave
Sreams of milk and amber lave *;
And our bow'rs ſuch perfumes give,
As mortals cannot taſte, and live †.
From controuling ſeaſons free,
We labour our high alchymy,
Nor borrow from the gariſh day
One beam, to light us on our way;

* The ſtreams in the mines are tinged with different ſubſtances: ſome are whitiſh and milky, being impregnated with Lac Lunæ, or the Milk of Silver.—See Dr. Browne's Travels to the Mine Towns in Hungary, p. 57.

† The earth in ſome parts of Arabia, upon being dug, emits odoriferous ſteams.—Diodor. Sicul. lib. ii. p. 132. edit. Rhodomani. Some of the moſt noxious vapours in the mines are alſo attended with a delightful ſmell, reſembling the pea-bloſſom. It generally comes in the ſummer, and obliges the miners to quit their work, to whom it would otherwiſe ſoon prove fatal. —Philoſ. Tranſ. Lowthorpe's Abrid. vol. ii. p. 375.

But beneath the Atlantic flood
Wind our ſubterraneous road:
Our torch the phoſphorus, our car
The jacinth, or the emerald ſpar.
Wondrous toils we here purſue,
Never ending, always new;
Blending, in our vaſt retreat,
Moiſt and dry, and cold and heat;
Till our ſkill prolific tries
All Nature's contrarieties.

QUEEN.

No more—from yonder arch ſome mournful ſtep
And plaintive ſighs I hear. 'Tis Juliana;
Guide her, ye faithful Gnomes, leſt her ſoft foot
Againſt the ſharp flint preſs; and from her head
Bruſh every noxious vapour. Hark! ſhe ſtrives
To wake the echoes of this loneſome cave:
We will retire and liſten.

[*Exeunt the* GNOMES, *with their* QUEEN.

JULIANA

JULIANA *ſings.*

Ye grots and midnight ſhade,
By toiling miſery vocal made,
Thro' your abhorr'd ſojourn I cheerful rove;
Each ſcene of youth and pleaſure fled,
Tho' to the world my heart be dead,
Still let it live to innocence and love.

JULIANA, FREDERIC.

FREDERIC.

How does that ſweet and lenient cadence differ
From the fierce parley and uproar, that rend
Theſe rocks and hideous caverns!

JULIANA.

Now the hour
Of taſk is nigh, and from their flinty pallets
The wretched inmates crawl, with haggard mien
Aduſt, and unſtrung arms, unfit to wield
Their maſſy implements: tho' I have look'd
Whole days upon this ſcene of various woe,
Still when the mournful din and murmur ſwell,

It

It ſtrikes me to the quick.—But ſure I ſee
The hoary priſoner, whoſe conſiderate kindneſs
Has challeng'd my regard; through him perchance
I may reſolve my doubts.—Thou good old man,
Though bow'd with age and toil, who ſtill art chearful,
Would that the meſſenger of joyful tidings,
Who came laſt night, had ſpoke thy glad releaſe!
Know'ſt thou for whom he brought the happy news?

FREDERIC.

To Leopold he came; but the poor Count,
Though to his friend, they ſay, he bade farewell
With tears of gladneſs and with heart-felt rapture,
Now pines with double anguiſh.

JULIANA.

Where—where is he?
Say, doſt thou ſee him at his wonted ſtation?

FREDERIC.

Scarce can I pierce the air with labouring eye,
Such pitchy darkneſs reigns; yet near yon rock,
Where drops the lingering ſtream, a form I ſee,
That reſts incumbent on a wrenching mattock,
And ſeems entranc'd in melancholy thought.

JULIANA.

Alas! 'tis he. Oh! what a dreadful change
Has that mean garb, and the corroſive air,
Work'd on his youthful form!

FREDERIC.

Thy boſom melts,
As for a friend, with agonizing pity:
Why art thou mov'd ſo deeply?

JULIANA.

I have heard
The unexampled torments he endur'd,
And the bold ardor of his ſteady ſoul:
When brib'd by his inſidious foes with promiſe
Of pardon and of wealth, would he accuſe
His innocent friend, he ſcorn'd the baſe propoſal,
And nobly choſe with Leopold to ſuffer.

FREDERIC.

And the fair partner of his ſoul, if fame
Report the truth, confirm'd his generous purpoſe;
And, tho' of tranſient bliſs ſhe ſcarce had taſted
A few ſhort moments, tore the bands aſunder,
And to her love and life preferr'd his honour.

JULIANA.

JULIANA.

How pure was her affection!

FREDERIC.

The ſad thought
Calls from thine eyes, I ſee, the ſtarting tears,
That ſilent fall beneath thy mantling veil.
Pardon, fair ſtranger, if thy ſorrows move
The curious pity of a wretch, who long
Has known this dread abode: tho' I have toil'd
For many a diſmal year, ne'er have I ſeen
A form like thine, ſo delicate and tender,
That, as a heavenly apparition, glides
Amidſt the ſhades of night. What ſtrange deſign
Of ardent friendſhip, or romantic courage,
Led thee this peſtilential air to breathe?
How could'ſt thou ever gain admittance here?

JULIANA.

Vain was each effort; but relenting fortune
Look'd down at laſt, and proſper'd all my wiſhes:
Oft the ſtern guard refus'd, till ſoft intreaties,
And gold well-miniſter'd, bent to my purpoſe
His rugged ſoul.—But ſpare thy kind inquiries:

O queſtion me no more!

FREDERIC.

If fear or anguiſh
Urge thee to hide thy ſad myſterious errand,
Yet deign my friendly counſel to accept;
For little doſt thou know what perils dire
Thou muſt encounter here, 'midſt chilling night
And poiſonous mineral fumes.—Hark! how the horn,
With ſhrill notes echoing round the vaulted rocks,
Proclaims the hour of toil. Now to our taſks
We go, with inſult driven, and goading ſtripes.

JULIANA.

Oh worſe than burthen'd beaſts! they only feel
Immediate pain; while your more ſuffering minds
'Midſt preſent anguiſh image paſt delight,
And all the hopeleſs future.

FREDERIC.

Ere I leave thee,
Let me unfold my fears, leſt aught thou ſuffer
From bold incontinence.—Laſt night, when all
Was ſunk in deep repoſe, a youth I heard
Holding licentious converſe with his comrade,

Of

Of thy ſuperior charms; which much he boaſted,
As having ſeen by the broad blaze of day:
Perhaps ſome priſoner met thee at the mouth
Of this deep mine?

JULIANA.

Yes, ſuch a one I ſaw,
When firſt I trod the deſolate abyſs;
Stern was his brow, and dark; as on his feet
They bound the cramping chains, he ſmil'd in ſcorn;
With more than curious thought he ſeem'd to eye
And meaſure all my form.

FREDERIC.

'Tis he, I doubt not,
Who with uncouth inquiries oft aſſails me
Touching thy mournful beauty.

JULIANA.

I have mark'd him,
Watchful as if intent on ill; but ſure
This gloom will hide me from his diſſolute gaze,
And wanton importuning.—What faint gleam
Streams there, in circles of imperfect light?

FREDERIC.

FREDERIC.

'Tis but the trail of braided ſparks, that fly *
In quick ſucceſſion from the whirling flints
And ſtricken ſteel; for in this noxious chaſm
Such denſe and ſulphurous fumes exhale, as, touch'd
By lighted torch, would inſtant fire the air,
And wrap the cavern in continuous blaze.—
But our imperious maſters call, and chide
My ſhort delay. May Heaven protect thy weakneſs!

JULIANA.

Farewell!—This gleam will guide my dubious ſteps.
See where the livid glare the wretched Count
Diſcovers, wearied out with loathſome toil;
To him more loathſome, from remember'd acts
Of generous power, and days of happieſt love.

[*Exit* FREDERIC.

* The vapours in ſome of the mines prevent the introduction of lighted candles or lamps; in which caſe they have recourſe to the following contrivance:—There is a wheel, the circumference of which is beſet with flints; which ſtriking againſt ſteels placed for that purpoſe at the extremity, a ſtream of fire is produced, which affords a ſufficient light for the operation of the miners.—Goldſmith's Hiſtory of Animated Nature, vol. i. p. 82.

JULIANA, CONRAD.

CONRAD.

This way I heard the voice: propitious Fortune
Now brings the fair occaſion, which ſo long
My paſſion ſeeks. True, ſhe's of brighter mould
Than the vile tenants of theſe dreary caves,
And in her eye, as on its natural throne,
Sits nobleneſs with melting beauty mix'd:
Like a ſequeſter'd deer, ſhe ſeems to ſhun
The herd of priſoners; yet does her boſom
Heave ſighs moſt languiſhing, and oft I ſee her
Beſtow officious tenderneſs: 'twould make
This drudgery pleaſure, could I ſhare her charms.
Why then ſhould I doubt it?—Here are no bars
Of ſcrupulous pride; no decencies forbid,
Nor plighted vows. I will accoſt and prove her.—
Hail! gentle lady, whoſe ſweet tones have power
To charm away the pangs of fierce deſpair,
And make night beautiful!—Sure ſuch a form,
Faſhion'd with dainty ſkill, was never meant
To breathe the vapours of this ſpungy vault!

JULIANA.

JULIANA.

That ſoft addreſs ſpeaks thee too by harſh fate
Condemn'd to unjuſt chaſtiſement.

CONRAD.

My ſorrows
Endear to me the wretched. Shall I to-day
Diſcharge thy deſtin'd taſk of ſervile toil?

JULIANA.

'Twere ill to load thee with another's burthen,
Bearing ſo much, had not my waſting ſtrength
From all laborious works releaſe obtain'd.

CONRAD.

Then give ſome reſpite to thy weary mind,
And woo auſpicious thoughts.

JULIANA.

I fain would do it,
And ever in my prayers remember patience;
For hope of better days attends the good,
And virtue, like the wild-bee, can extract,
E'en from the bitter of adverſity,
Sweet ſolace.

CONRAD.

CONRAD.

Theſe grim caves, methinks, ſometimes
Forget their horrid nature: I have known them
Blaze with the radiance of ten thouſand ſtars,
Shot from inviſible firmaments; while ſounds,
Surpaſſing human ſweetneſs, echoed round
The ſpangled concave.

JULIANA.

At ſuch glorious viſions
I too have marvell'd.

CONRAD.

Why then to gladneſs
Convert we not our ſuffering, and theſe crags
To beds of ſofteſt down?

JULIANA.

Nay, thou doſt wrong
My ſorrows.

CONRAD.

Rather ſay, in that ſoft form
I read all tenderneſs and love.

JULIANA.

Such praiſe

On my cold ear is loſt. Leave me, I pray thee.

CONRAD.

Not freedom's ſelf ſhould bribe me; were I offer'd
To view the bleſſed ſun, this gloom to change
For populous city, midſt delicious fare,
And maſk or amorous feſtival, to thee
I'd cling, nor heed what 'vantages I loſt,
Gaining thy love.

JULIANA.

That could'ſt thou never gain.

CONRAD.

Recall that word.

JULIANA.

Think'ſt thou, that entering here,
We loſe each nice and virtuous faculty;
Or vice alone can breathe the unchaſte air?

CONRAD.

Thou doſt increaſe the flame thou mean'ſt to quench,
By ſuch ſweet chiding.

JULIANA.

Is each generous ſpark
Blurr'd by theſe ſooty vapours, thus to encounter

My

My feeble ſpirit?—There is a majeſty
In humble wretchedneſs, provoking thoſe
Of noble nature to fall down and worſhip.

CONRAD.

Yes, at thy feet my idolatrous paſſion kneels,
And, like a way-worn pilgrim, joys to claſp
The heavenly ſhrine.

JULIANA.

Be gone, raſh youth! or I
Will raiſe my feeble voice, till every rock
Re-echo to the ſound.

CONRAD.

Thy ſtubborn heart
Rejects my proffer'd friendſhip?

JULIANA.

I deſpiſe
Thy baſe ſuggeſtions: ſooner could'ſt thou bid
The flowret that o'erhangs the ſtream, and feeds
On the pure eſſence, live impriſon'd here,
Than plant true friendſhip in our alien hearts.

CONRAD.

But thou may'ſt rue my hate, tho' thy proud ſoul

Swell with imperious fancies of high worth,
Surpaſſing frail creation.

JULIANA.

Were I happy,
Thy unjuſt menaces would more diſturb me.

CONRAD.

There are from whom thy ſenſitive reſerve
Does ne'er recoil. Tell me, haſt thou not ſat
Motionleſs, while he delv'd the rifted rock;
Or, when he ſunk beneath the ſultry toil,
Fetch'd the cold beverage, and with gentle hand
Wip'd from his pallid front faint Nature's dew?

JULIANA.

What fable hath thy angry fancy coin'd?

CONRAD.

Then, as he ſlept, haſt thou not ſtol'n towards him,
And hung, in ſilent gaze, o'er his wan cheek,
That on the chill ſtone reſted?—Of theſe habits
I will adviſe our guardian, who, deceiv'd
By thy fair-ſeeming mien, and gloſſing ſpeech,
A kind enlargement grants, to us denied.

I'll

I'll to him now, and thy o'erweening virtue
He ſoon ſhall recompenſe with meet reward.

[*Exit* CONRAD.

JULIANA.

Oh Fortune! what new ills haſt thou in ſtore?
Wilt thou too, like the angry and pitileſs ſtorm,
While in the daſhing ſurge his pinnace ſinks,
Still beat upon the ſhip-wreck'd mariner?—
Ye mazy caverns, ſcoop'd with endleſs toil
Beneath the ſolid rocks, each under each
Projecting, deeper than the wedging root
Of Jove's own oak e'er pierc'd! what do I not
Forego, to dwell within thy dark abode?
Yet of wealth, birth, and the world's flattering gifts,
It recks me not, while in the ſteady path
Of friendſhip and of duteous love I tread:
But of that ſolace ſhould harſh fate bereave me,
Then welcome woe! All other wrongs, to this,
Would ſeem but as the puling infant's cry
To the loud peal of heaven.—What odours now
Breathe thro' the winding cavern, and o'erpow'r

My

My drowſy ſenſe? Upon this ſhelving crag
I will recline, if chance I may obtain
Oblivious reſpite of intruding care.

Enter the QUEEN, *and* ATTENDANT SPIRITS.

O D E.

I.

Haſte, my Gnomes, your ſtrains apply,
And her boding griefs deceive;
Viſions of celeſtial die
In the loom of ſlumber weave:
Raiſe before her raviſh'd ſight
The pageant of eternal night;
And let her fancy-kindled ſoul attain
The unknown wonders of our boundleſs reign.
Firſt, be with plaſtic ſceptre ſeen
The barren Petra, giant queen *;

Thro'

* The *Petræ*, or barren ſtony ſubſtances, according to Linnæus, form the firſt diviſion of the foſſil kingdom. They are produced by the earth of vegetables,

Thro' her dun realms let racking cataracts ſound,
And ocean's billowy ſtrength her throne ſurround:
Each ſylph, that floats on ether's wing,
The fading tribes of Florâ fling
Beneath her ſteps, and, bruſh'd by haſty ſhow'r,
Strew every quivering leaf, and ſhort-liv'd flow'r.
The triumphs of her reign to ſwell,
Midſt buſhy wood and duſky dell,
Bid timorous Fauna chaſe her ſylvan bands,
That howl o'er Zembla's ſnow, or Afric's ſands.
Bring orient Onyx for her zone,
Imperial Granite be her throne;
While the rich circle of her crown diſplays
The blooming Agat's light, the Opal's purple blaze †.

II. Now

getables, the earth of animals, the viſcid ſediment of the ſea, and the precipitation of rain water.—Linnæi Syſtema Naturæ, vol. iii. p. 34.——In this poetical delineation of the foſſil kingdom, though the Author has followed the ſyſtem of Linnæus, he does not mean to inſinuate any unjuſt preference of that ſyſtem to the more accurate arrangement which is to be met with in the writings of Wallerius, Cronſtedt, and Bergman; and particularly in the ſcientific treatiſe of our own countryman, Mr. Kirwan, on this ſubject.—See Elements of Mineralogy, by Richard Kirwan, Eſquire.

† Theſe ſtones are the moſt valuable that belong to the order of Petræ.

The

II.

Now the central depths unlock,
Where our mineral Druids bend *,
Muttering o'er each pregnant rock
Magic ſpells, that never end:
Pluck the ethereal tints, that glow
In the cold-ſtreaming lunar bow;
And o'er the nitrous cavern's icy roof,
In lucid priſms ſuſpend the cryſtal woof.

The Onyx is a native of the Eaſt. The Opal is deſcribed by Linnæus, reflectione purpuraſcens, refractione ruber, venis violaceis. The beauty of it did not eſcape the author of the poem Περι Λιθων

Φημι δε τοι τερπειν και Οπαλλιον ηρανιωνας
Αγλαον ιμερῳ τερενα χροα παιδος εχοντα.

Ver. 279.

Ye Gods! the Opal ye ſurvey with joy,
Whoſe ſplendor bluſhes like a blooming boy.

In order to obtain a ſtone of this ſort, which was in the poſſeſſion of Nonius, a Roman Senator, and valued at 20,000 ſeſterces, Pliny ſays that Anthony proſcribed him.

* The *Mineræ*, or prolific ſtony ſubſtances, conſtitute the ſecond diviſion of the foſſil kingdom, and are all produced by cryſtallization. Of this claſs are the precious gems and metals.—Linnæi Syſt. Nat. vol. iii. p. 81.

Command

Command the Phoſphor's kindling ray
To counterfeit the beam of day *;
While Sapphires bright the living ſhrine attire,
And Adamant that ſcorns the raging fire:
Then wafted from the frozen deep,
In Amber's breathing odour ſteep
Her ſlumbering ſenſe, and o'er her thrilling frame
Shoot the quick glances of electric flame †:
Unveil the yawning mountain's ſtore,
Each ſubject and each ſovereign ore ‡;
But chief the Solar Lord §, who dares to wage
High war with elements and devouring age;

Round

* The Muria Phoſphorea of Linnæus, which is found near Bologna and in China.

† The Amber and Succinum Electricum are included in the claſs of Mineræ. The latter is formed in the Baltic, and is dug out of the ground in Pruſſia and Siberia.—Linnæus obſerves that the electric matter was firſt diſcovered by it: indeed the ſcience in general has received its name from this ſubſtance.—See Prieſtley's Hiſtory of Electricity.

‡ The metals are diſtinguiſhed into perfect or imperfect, according to their capacity of reſiſting fire.

§ It has been remarked before, that Gold is ſtyled the Sun or Sovereign of Metals. The river Hermus was indebted for its gold to the Pactolus, which

 received

Round him exulting Naiads glide,
Proud Hermus rolls his turbid tide;
On ſolid darkneſs his pavilion 's ſpread,
While Andes' trembling cliffs rebellow o'er his head.

III.

Where the ſanguine corals ſhine,
In a dripping ſea-worn cave,
Let chill Foſſilia recline,
Watching the quick-circling wave *:

As

received the golden particles from the mines of mount Tmolus. Celebrated as they formerly were for this quality, by the accounts of Smith, Wheler, and Spon, they are now totally deprived of it.—See Recherches ſur le Pactole, Hiſtoire de l'Academie des Inſcr. tom. xxi. p. 19.——So great has been the eagerneſs of man to poſſeſs this metal, that, if we can believe an old Greek ſcholiaſt, he has even made minute and contemptible inſects ſubſervient to his avarice. Εστι δε και εν τῃ Ινδίᾳ τόπος χρυσε ψήγματα ἔχων, ὃν ἀνορύτθουσι θηρία τινα μυρμηκες καλεμενα, πλεροῖς χρώμενα, ἀφ' ὧν οἱ Ινδοὶ μηχαναῖς τισι λαμβανουσι τον χρυσον. —Sophocles Antigone Scholiaſt, to ver. 1050.

* The *Foſſilia* is the laſt diviſion of the foſſil kingdom, and includes all the petrefactions.—Linnæi Syſt. Nat. vol. iii. p. 153.——The proceſs of petrefaction is deſcribed by the Author of the Poem Περι Λιθων, in a manner peculiarly happy:

Αυλη δ' εν βενθεσσιν ὑπο φλοισβοιο θαλασσης
Νηχεται, οφρα κυμαϑ' αποπλυσοι αιγιαλοιδε
. . . . . .

Δηρον

As her tranſlucent ſhuttles glance,
The teſſellated webs advance;
Till Nature, reſcued by her potent breath,
Exults to periſh, and revives in death.
Her ſplendid Taliſman can give
Each plant and inſect form to live:
Gay birds ſtill flutter tho' to marble grown,
The deer's proud antlers branch in wrinkled ſtone;
Impearl'd the ſcaly tortoiſe lies,
While the huge elephant ſupplies

Δηρον δ' ε μιξεπειξα ϖαγῳ ϖεριπαχνωθεισα
Πέτρυται, και χερσιν εν οκριοεντα τεηϭιν
Αμφαφαεις λιθον, ὁ ϖριν εχων υγρον δεμας ηεν·
Σχημα μεν ηε βοτανης ετι ὁι μενει, ὁιον εην ϖερ,
Οἱξε κλαδοι, ὁσά τε ϭφιν ακροδρυα ϖροσπεφυασι,
Ἠτε ὁι εϐλασησε και ετραφη ειν ἀλι ῥιζα·
Φλοιος Θ' ὁσπερ εην, φλοιος κεν λαινος εϛι.

Ver. 516.

Torn from the caves profound where oceans roar,
And toſt by billows on the jutting ſhore,
His wounded roots the coral to repair,
Dries on the beach, and petrefies in air.
The hardening plant his branching ſhape retains,
On his ſtiff rind diſplays meand'ring veins;
Seems on the rocky margin to have grown,
And ſhines with leaves of vegetable ſtone.

His ivory ſpoil; and wreath'd in rocky fold,
The creſted ſnake convolves his maze of gold.
Her wizard pencil let her take,
Dipt in the blue and gelid lake,
And as the filmy, bickering colours flow,
Bid fairy ſcenes and wild creations glow *,
Various as clouds on evening gale,
That like deep-burthen'd navies ſail,
And labouring o'er the mountain's ſhadowy height,
The foreſt gloom reflect, the torrent's glittering light.

QUEEN.

Enough, my bleſt aſſociates! ſights like theſe
With magic charm can harmonize the throbs
Of jealous love, ſubdue forlorn deſpair,
And from his treaſure the fix'd eye divorce

* The various vegetables, animals, &c. that are found in a petrefied ſtate, may be ſeen in Linnæus. Some petrefactions, ſuch as the Graptolithus, are remarkable for pictureſque beauty, repreſenting landſcapes with woods and water, or deſolate regions with buildings in ruin.—Linnæi Syſt. Nat. vol. iii. p. 173.

Of

Of wondering Avarice.—Now ſpeed we to obſerve
The wiles that ſubtle malice may deviſe
To aſſault unwary innocence; while thus
Wrapt in ſoft folds of ſlumber, and inſpir'd
By heavenly viſions, ſhe ſuſpends her woe.

[*Exeunt the* GNOMES *with their* QUEEN.

JULIANA, COUNT MAURICE.

COUNT MAURICE.

My friend is gone for ever! and in my heart
A void as large has made, as this huge mine
In the earth's centre: yet this dreadful parting,
What is it in the endurance to the thought
Of that o'erwhelming grief, when to the beſt,
The tendereſt of her ſex I bade adieu?
'Twas then the pang, the agony I felt
Of death itſelf, and all ſucceeding ſorrows
Loſe their comparative force. Yet will I bleſs
Juſt Heaven, that with a pitying eye regards me,
And in theſe haunts of wretchedneſs and guilt
Still leaves me one aſſociate, whoſe firm ſoul

By

By hopeful innocence calm'd, looks down on pain,
And ſmiles amidſt the ghaſtly ſcene.—Ye rocks,
Witneſs her tender ſpirit, her mild zeal,
That blunts affliction's edge! Sure ſhe was ſent,
Like a deſcending angel, to ſupport
My fainting ſtrength!—See! from yon crag ſhe bends,
And lifts her drowſy lids, that hang like clouds
Over the brimming ocean, when the ſun
Firſt peeps from the blue wave.

JULIANA *(waking.)*

Stay, ſtay, ye viſions
Of light ineffable! Auſpicious dreams,
That waft to regions of delight, return
And ſooth me into reſt!

COUNT MAURICE.

My rough intruſion
Diſturbs her ſoft repoſe.

JULIANA.

What foot approaches?
Where art thou, Guardian Spirit? Lead me on
Thro' worlds of waters, o'er the golden beds

Of virgin ore and ſapphire ſpars, and rocks
Of cluſtering diamonds. The bright illuſion
Flies like the April rack, and I awake
To ſervitude and darkneſs.

COUNT MAURICE.

Pardon, Lady,
If my rude tread has broke thy gentle reſt.

JULIANA.

Methought my ſoul o'erleap'd the narrow bounds
Of its dim priſon, and wander'd fancy-borne
In ſubterraneous brightneſs.

COUNT MAURICE.

Such bleſt viſions
Good angels miniſter to ſleeping virtue.

JULIANA.

Talk not of trivial joys: a bliſs more full
From the pure fount of cordial pity flows,
Than dreams or ineffectual ſplendors give.

COUNT MAURICE.

And can'ſt thou then, a poor, afflicted creature!
Root from thy heart the ſenſe of crowding ſorrows,

Long

Long days of hope deferr'd, and nights of weeping,
With all the aches and ſickening of the ſoul—
Can'ſt thou forget thy pangs, and on a ſtranger
Waſte generous comfort?

JULIANA.

Some are never ſtrangers,
But ſoon as ſeen the ſoul, as 'twere by inſtinct,
Springs tow'rds them with reſiſtleſs force, and owns
Congenial ſympathy. Can they who doom us
To bear the load of this degrading thraldom,
Enſlave the mind, or the free current check
Of heaven-ſprung charity?

COUNT MAURICE.

That pow'r they need not,
Who tear us from the world, and all we love.

JULIANA.

Thou ſtrik'ſt the chord to which my ſad heart vibrates
In piteous harmony. Beyond my ſex
I once was bleſt.—How ſhall I tell of him
Who won my love, and winning ſo deſerv'd it?
For he was all that youthful viſions paint,

Or

Or fancy can pourtray; each look, each action,
His liberal ſoul expreſs'd, that knew no ebb
Of varying kindneſs.

COUNT MAURICE.

Oh! what dire remembrance
Has thy ſad ſtory wak'd!—'Twas heaven's high will,
And I will teach my ſtruggling heart ſubmiſſion.

JULIANA.

In thee I image him, who was my pride,
My life's beſt joy and treaſure! Why then ſcorn
My willing ſervices, and ſuch ſlight tender
Of duteous care as the fond fancy prompts?

COUNT MAURICE.

Sure from the fellowſhip of ſuffering virtue
Sweet peace and concord ſpring! thy heavenly accents,
Like ſhow'rs ſoft-falling after parching drought,
Refreſh each languid ſenſe: when I behold thee
Environ'd by ſad forms, pent in the gloom
Of theſe abrupt, unorganized chaſms,
Midſt fierce viciſſitude of heat and cold
And ſublimated vapours, thy meek carriage

Schools me to patience, and exalts my reaſon
All vain degenerate weakneſs to ſubdue,
And form to thine the temper of my ſoul.

JULIANA.

E'en in theſe unſunn'd caverns we'll diſcover
Good unexpected. When thou toil'ſt, I'll cheer
The melancholy taſk: each look I'll watch,
And craving ſigh. Affliction ſhall refine
Faith's brightening flame, and change our earthly pangs
To golden certainty of heavenly joy.

COUNT MAURICE.

Aid me with thy pure ſpirit, and our friendſhip,
By ſympathy and virtuous ſorrows knit,
Shall teach us from the wreck of happineſs
To ſave whate'er we can.

JULIANA.

One thought alarms me.
Erewhile, with rude, laſcivious arts, and ſhew
Of wanton violence, a raſh youth aſſail'd me.

COUNT MAURICE.

Villain! who dar'd to violate the ſhrine

By

By virtue and misfortune ſacred made!
Had I ſurpris'd the wretch, his forfeit life
Had quickly for ſuch ſacrilege aton'd.

JULIANA.

Nay, check thy haſty rage: think what a crew,
Outcaſts and ruthleſs bandits, ſojourn here;
And rather by wiſe caution ſhun, than ſteel
Their deſperate cruelty. Ere he departed,
He mutter'd ſome dark threats, that he'd report
Our loves (for ſo he term'd them—much, I ween,
Unus'd to virtuous friendſhip) to the guard
Of this our priſon. 'Twere well now to retire,
Leſt, ſtung by jealous rage, Conrad return,
And in this ſolitary nook o'ertake us.

[*Exeunt.*

CONRAD.

Thus far has fortune crown'd me with ſucceſs:
In the ſuſpicious ear of him who rules
This dungeon, ſuch quick poiſon have I pour'd,
That to the loweſt depths of this vaſt mine

He dooms Count Maurice, and now bids me bear him
His rigorous command. The lazy vapours
Of thoſe dank caves will rid me of my rival:
Then may I ſurely practiſe on the ear
Of the fair priſoner.—To the Count I'll ſpeed,
And when I've greeted him with my ſtern warrant,
I'll ſeek his beauteous friend, who of her love
Bereft, no more may chance to coy it with me. [*Exit.*

The ſound of the miners is heard in various parts, and ſeveral of them croſs the ſtage, ſome with tools, others with maſſes of ſtone and ore; after which, the GNOMES *and their* QUEEN *enter.*

O D E.

I.

Mortals! tho' you toil for ever,
Never ſhall your labours, never
Our eſſential realms unfold *;

Where,

* A gnat, ſays an ingenious writer, eſſaying the feeble effects of its ſlender proboſcis

Where, in impenetrable night,
We make conflicting elements unite,
And build eternal ſhrines of Amaranthine gold.

II.

Think not, when our bolts you hear,
We in rage vindictive joy;
Or when ſurging flames appear,
That we triumph to deſtroy *:

Thro'

proboſcis againſt the hide of an elephant, and attempting thereby to inveſtigate the internal formation of the body of that huge animal, is no unapt repreſentation of man attempting to explore the internal ſtructure of the earth, by digging ſmall holes on its ſurface.—Watſon's Chemical Eſſays, vol. i. p. 184.——Monſ. de Maupertuis, with the vivacity of his country, but with a ſpirit unbecoming a true philoſopher, propoſed to ſink a ſhaft through the centre of the earth to the antipodes.—In the mean while, our diſcoveries of its interior parts are very limited. The deepeſt mine at Cotteberg, in Hungary, reaches only three thouſand feet, and bears no proportion to the depth of the globe. This undiſcovered ſpace is filled according to the conjectures of ſpeculative men.—Compare the hypotheſes of Boyle, Whiſton, Burnet, Kircher, and Buffon.

* Such phænomena, though alarming to the ignorant, have ſometimes led to very fortunate diſcoveries. A Wallachian, ſays Baron Born, whoſe name was Armenian John, came to my father, then poſſeſſed of a rich ſilver mine at Cſertes, telling him, that as he conſtantly obſerved a flame iſſuing from,

and

Thro' the reluctant rocks we pour
The living current of each lingering ore,
And with the blaze
Of ſolar rays
Light in the dark gem all his liquid fire;
That you to virtue may aſpire,
To patient induſtry your pow'rs conform *,
And withering ſloth ſubdue, and paſſion's wayward ſtorm.

and playing upon a fiſſure in the Nagyag foreſt, he was of opinion that rich ores muſt be hid under ground. My father was fortunately adventurous enough to liſten to this poor man's tale; and accordingly he drove a gallery in the ground which the Wallachian had pointed out. The work went on ſome years without any ſucceſs, and my father reſolved to give it up: however he made a laſt drift towards the fiſſure, and there he hit the rich black and lamellated gold ores, which firſt were looked upon as iron glimmer, but appeared what really they are, as ſoon as aſſayed by fire. This happy accident cauſed my father to purſue the work to the utmoſt of his power: accordingly he diſtributed ſome ſhares among his friends, and had the works carried on with regularity.—Travels through the Bannat of Temeſwar, by Baron Born, Letter xi. p. 97.

* Notwithſtanding the exaggerated accounts of the Peruvians, which have been expoſed by an able and philoſophic writer, ſo neceſſary are the metals to the happineſs of man, that he cannot exiſt, except in a ſtate of barbariſm, without them.—See Recherches Philoſophiques ſur les Americains, tom. ii. p. 204.

III. Our

III.

Our wealth, our boons profuſe,
To your admiring hands we give;
The flaming ſpoil, ye heirs of joy! receive,
And ſanctify by virtuous uſe.
Nor let ingenuous Penury deſpair:
To her what bounteous gifts we deal by ſtealth!
When each fierce pang we ſoothe, and bid her ſhare
Of eaſe the treaſure, and the gems of health *.
Toil then, ye wondering mortals! and confeſs,
That heaven above was made, and earth below, to bleſs.

Enter a party of GNOMES, *returning from their works, and ſinging.*

Now our golden taſks are done,
Hurry, ſpirits! hurry on,

* The author of the poem Περι Λιθων aſcribes ſome properties to minerals, which, fortunately for mankind, they do not poſſeſs (ſee ver. 312). But though they are void of theſe imaginary qualities, they ſupply us with the moſt active and uſeful medicines; and both the wiſdom and goodneſs of Providence are equally conſpicuous in the final cauſes of the foſſil kingdom.

With

With feſtive revelry to join
Our Sovereign in this ſparkling mine.
Quick as light from heavenly ſphere
We have run our wide career;
With fleet ſtep pac'd our midnight way *,
And ruſh'd to meet the morning ray;
Beneath the Caſpian we have ſtood,
And croſs'd the Magellanic flood;
In glittering labyrinths have led
The Naiads o'er their rocky bed,
And taught the bright ores, as they rove,
To challenge each his mineral love †.
Saw ye, whereſoe'er we ſtept,
How the conſcious Dryads wept,

* The numerous veins in the mines are divided, according to their directions, into *midnight* or *morning veins*; the former running from South to North, the latter from Eaſt to Weſt.—See Mr. J. J. Ferber's Mineralogical Hiſtory of Bohemia, p. 257.

† Water ſaturated with mineral particles enters the hollows and fiſſures of rocks; and when it evaporates, the minerals unite according to their reſpective affinities.

And

And periſh'd as we fleeted by?—
Shall they dare with us to vie*?
Tho' the oak's gigantic form
Tow'r, and grapple with the ſtorm,
Soon it totters in decay,
To the mining worm a prey.
But our adamantine toil
All the rage of Time can foil;

* ——————μεγα μεν σθενος επλεῖο ριζης
Αλλα λιθε πολυ μειζον· επει μενος αφθιτον αιει
Γεινομενῳ μητηρ και αγηραον εγγυαλιξεν.
Περι Λιθων, ver. 404.

What tho' in air the tree umbrageous ſhoots,
And graſps the ſolid earth with ſtedfaſt roots?
Superior gems his tottering bulk ſurvey,
And blaze unhurt, while ages roll away.

Minerals are known to be peculiarly deſtructive to all vegetable productions.—Mr. Pennant, ſpeaking of the vaſt copper mine in the Iſle of Angleſey, obſerves, "The whole aſpect of this tract has by the mineral operations aſſumed a moſt ſavage appearance. Suffocating fumes of the burning heaps of copper ariſe in all parts, and extend their baneful influence for miles around. In the adjacent parts, vegetation is nearly deſtroyed; even the moſſes and the lichens of the rocks have periſhed; and nothing ſeems capable of reſiſting the fumes, but the purple Melic graſs (Aira Cœrulea, Hudſon's Flor. Angl.) which flouriſhes in abundance."—Tour into Wales, vol. ii.

And Death, with univerſal pow'rs,
Submiſſive miniſters to ours.

QUEEN.

Welcome, bright miniſters! whoſe gorgeous toils
And alchymy demand eternal praiſe;
Nor leſs entitle you to ſuch high reſt
And glorious recreation, as becomes
Tranſcendent ſpirits.—But firſt with us partake
The joy divine that waits us, when from depths
Of whelming miſery we a generous youth
To unexpected liberty ſhall raiſe,
And boundleſs bliſs: for my returning Gnomes
I now behold, who by our kind beheſt,
With ſpeed immortal to his ſovereign borne,
In the rich ſplendour of her blazing ring,
Beryl and flaming chryſolite, have hid
Their glittering eſſence, and with heavenly ſkill
Have ſhot the beams of mercy o'er her ſoul.

[*Exeunt the* GNOMES *with their* QUEEN.

COUNT

COUNT MAURICE, JULIANA.

JULIANA.

This moment, didſt thou ſay?

COUNT MAURICE.

This very moment:
I read the fell decree, and muſt obey.

JULIANA.

Miſcreant! who in my chaſte ear dar'd to breathe
His baſe, licentious vows; and now on thee
Wreaks barbarous vengeance!

COUNT MAURICE.

We are thrown among
Traitors and murderers. But the inflicted ill
Bears its own cure: the damp infectious air
Will quickly ſet me free.

JULIANA.

That dreadful thought
Weighs down my ſoul with grief! 'Twas I that did it.
Pardon my weak, raſh tenderneſs!—I meant

To have made the loneſome hours of ſore reſtraint
Glide on with briſker ſtep.

COUNT MAURICE.

And for thy friendſhip,
If my big heart permit, I fain would thank thee.

JULIANA.

Is this an hour for parley?—No, I'll fly,
Unmaſk the covert wretch who has betray'd us,
And to our regent's eye diſplay the clear
And palpable diſſembling of his falſehood:
He is not of ſo ſtern a caſt, ſo ſteel'd
By his obdurate office, but he'll liſten
To pity and to truth.

COUNT MAURICE.

Reſtrain thy anguiſh,
Nor waſte kind pains on one whom heaven chaſtiſes—
One from mankind ſelected to endure
A double weight of woe. Now farewell hope!
Farewell thou upper world, and all thou holdeſt!
Dear ſource of vain regret, my loves, my friendſhips,

That

That tie this ſoul to earth!—But I'll be patient.
Ye eyes, forget to weep! Whate'er in future
Dread tortures threaten, be the paſt my refuge:
There thy exalted thoughts, thy acts I'll trace
Of charity and love divine.—O give me
Some portion of thy meek, forbearing ſpirit,
And let me in my memory's deepeſt folds,
Mix'd with each gentle deed, record thy virtues!
If ever we ſhould meet again—

JULIANA.

Ah! where,
Where ſhould we ever meet?—My tender frame
Pines daily to decay; and palſied age
E'en on the threſhold of green youth o'ertakes me *.

COUNT

* Mr. Bowles and Don Ant. Ulloa have endeavoured to extenuate the evil effects of the mines upon thoſe who work in them: but the unwholeſomeneſs of them in general, and of the quickſilver mines in particular, is eſtabliſhed by the cleareſt proof. It appears by a memorial preſented to Philip III. in the year 1609, that in every diſtrict of Peru, where the Indians are compelled to labour in the mines, their numbers were reduced to the half, and in ſome places to the third, of what it was in 1581.—Robertſon's Hiſt. of America, vol. iii. note 53.——Dr. Pope, who viſited the mines at

COUNT MAURICE.

One parting pray'r accept: Let me ſtill live
In thy remembrance, tho' I nought deſerve it;
For oft with moody ſilence I've requited
Thy generous ſolace: but inſatiate grief
And loſs of friends almoſt to madneſs urg'd me.
Pardon, ſweet Lady! and may each pitying ſaint
Heal thy ſad ſpirit, and reward thy goodneſs!

JULIANA.

Oh! my poor trembling heart can ne'er ſuſtain
This exquiſite affliction!—But I'll try
What tears, what bribes may do.

[*Exit* JULIANA.

COUNT MAURICE.

Go, thou kind angel!
Go, tho' thy pains be fruitleſs. Hark! I'm ſummon'd.

Idria in 1664, aſſures us that all the labourers, ſooner or later, become paralytic, and die hectic. He ſaw a man who had not been in the mines for above half a year before, and who was ſo full of mercury, that upon putting a piece of braſs in his mouth, or rubbing it in his fingers, it immediately became white, as if he had rubbed mercury upon it.—Philoſ. Tranſ. Lowthorpe's Abrid. vol. ii. p. 580.

Welcome,

Welcome, ye deepeſt horrors! I am arm'd
With ſtern deſpair, and can defy you all.

Enter LEOPOLD.

COUNT MAURICE, LEOPOLD.

COUNT MAURICE.

Who's here?—What, Leopold! art thou return'd
To double all my torments?

LEOPOLD.

I am come
To heal theſe agonies, and bear thee back
To liberty and light.

COUNT MAURICE.

Is it then true,
Or all a mocking dream? Tell me!—O ſpeak!—

LEOPOLD.

Thro' the dark mazes of perplexing malice
Thy ſovereign has pierc'd. Scarce had I trod,
With many a weary ſtep, the long aſcent,
And on my aching eyes the day-beam beat,

When

When the quick meſſenger I met, who bore
The gracious tidings; and a livelier joy
O'erwhelm'd my ſoul, than when they firſt pronounc'd
My own deliverance.

COUNT MAURICE.

My deareſt friend!
Long be our days of happineſs and freedom!
But tell me, Leopold—my wife—how fares ſhe?
In the lone ſilence of ſome hallow'd cloyſter,
Say, has ſhe hid her unexampled woes,
Far from the faithleſs court and world's turmoil?
How brook'd ſhe her ſad ſolitude?

LEOPOLD.

Oh Maurice!—

COUNT MAURICE.

Why that blank pauſe?—that look?—Yes, in thine eye
The harrowing tale I read: her ſuffering 's clos'd.

LEOPOLD.

Truſt in all-righteous heaven.

COUNT MAURICE.

Then lives ſhe yet?

LEOPOLD.

LEOPOLD.

Cheriſh not ſanguine hope, nor yet deplore her
As one thou'rt doom'd ne'er to behold again.
From the dread hour the miniſters of force
Divorc'd thee from her, ſhe refus'd all comfort,
And ſeem'd to feed upon her grief. One morning
In compos'd mood ſhe roſe, and made pretence
To taſte the ſweet air of the neighbouring meads:
But ne'er did ſhe return; nor could thy friends
With anxious, endleſs ſearch detect her flight.

COUNT MAURICE.

Greet me no more with pardon! leave me here
To delve the rugged rocks, and let me labour
Till toil and extreme miſery releaſe me
From this deep wretchedneſs.

LEOPOLD.

Think, think of freedom,
Nor mock juſt Heaven with ſuch unmeet deſpair.

COUNT MAURICE.

My firm refuſal of her generous purpoſe
To ſhare the burthen of this torturing yoke,

Diſtracted her weak ſpirit, and 'gainſt herſelf
Arm'd her precipitate grief.—Yet witneſs, Heaven,
How much I lov'd her! In my bittereſt moments,
Her melancholy and unprotected ſtate
O'erwhelm'd me with freſh anguiſh.—To the world
I now return, bereft of every hope,
As one expos'd in a huge wilderneſs,
Who eyes in mute deſpair the hideous void.

LEOPOLD.

Away with this intemperance of grief!

COUNT MAURICE.

Or deeming me, perhaps, for ever loſt—
Thought worſe than death!—ſhe to another has given
That heart which only I could fill, and pledg'd
Her plighted faith.

JULIANA *(returning, and throwing aſide her veil).*

Never, oh never ſpeak it!
For thee alone ſhe lives! Behold thy true,
Thy faithful Juliana!

COUNT MAURICE.

Gracious ſpirits!

Ye

Ye heavenly powers protect me!

JULIANA.

Here behold her,
Whom love a voluntary ſlave detains.

COUNT MAURICE.

Do I then ſee thee, or do earthly goblins
Vex me with vain illuſions?

JULIANA.

With feign'd accents
No more I cheat thine ear: turn then towards me,
And bleſs me with one look of wonted fondneſs.

COUNT MAURICE.

Yes, thou art ſhe! and thus my heart unſays
That unkind thought, and claſps thee never more
To part again. Oh! what muſt thou have borne,
Pent in theſe murky cells, 'midſt loathſome vice!
Tell me, why did'ſt thou hide thyſelf ſo long?
Why from my weeping eyes conceal thy beauty
Beneath theſe dripping weeds and ſervile garb?

JULIANA.

How often have I long'd into thy arms

To ſpring, and tell thee all! but well I knew
Thy generous nature never would conſent
That I ſhould dwell within this baleful dungeon:
Yet other ſpots were as a dreary deſert;
And theſe damp low-brow'd rocks, cheer'd by thy preſence,
Seem'd ſumptuous palaces.

LEOPOLD.

Tranſcendent love!

JULIANA.

One happy look of thine o'erpays an age
Of doleful penance.

COUNT MAURICE.

Greatly haſt thou ſuffer'd!
But ſhades of paſt misfortune ſhall ſet off
Our brighter days. Come, let us now aſcend—
For we have much to ſay, and my glad heart
Swells with ſuch raptures as it ne'er can utter.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter the QUEEN *and attendant* SPIRITS.

Come, my triumphant Gnomes, who like the ſun
Thro' the vaſt concave your fleet courſe have run;
Whoſe cars, ſelf-rolling, ſcorn the bounding ſteed,
While nymphs and fiery ſalamanders lead;
No more your glittering myriads now employ,
But give my ſubterraneous realm to joy.
What tho' for us no circling ſeaſons glide,
No ſprings luxuriant laviſh all their pride;
In earth's brute caverns we can wake delight,
And gild with rapture the dark brow of night.
Thro' ſcenes as fair as thoſe above we'll go,
And meet a brighter univerſe below.
See where our vallies wind, our Alps ariſe,
What meteors thwart, what ſuns emblaze the ſkies!
Here foaming cataracts the wild champaign ſhake,
There in diffuſive radiance ſleeps the lake;
Huge caves expand *, thro' whoſe wide-yawning arch
Embattled hoſts of mightieſt kings can march;

The

* See the deſcriptions of Oakey Hole, Pen-park Hole, the Grotto of Antiparos,

The ſhadowy void deep-brooding darkneſs fills,
And ſmooths her plumage in the dripping rills;
In frowning ſtate ſelf-center'd columns glare,
Abortive echoes flutter in the air;
Their duſky foliage rocks fantaſtic wreath,
And quake, like foreſts, to the blaſts beneath:
Theſe ſcenes each fierce, preſumptuous thought controul,
And rouſe to extaſy the ſlumbering ſoul.
Let Elfin Faies expect the dewy hours,
And their quaint morrice weave in moon-light bow'rs;
Let ſportive Nymphs purſue each dancing ſpring,
And ſhouting Dryads make the foreſt ring;
In fields of ether Sylphs exulting trip,
Or in the galaxy their pinions dip:
Our taſks perform'd, ſublimer joys abound;
In mute and reverend awe we watch around,

Antiparos, and other ſubterraneous cavities. One of the moſt extraordinary is that mentioned by Œlian, in the country of the Arrian Indians, who made a practice of plunging a great number of different animals in the horrible chaſm, to ſatisfy their barbarous ſuperſtition.—Œliani Var. Hiſt. lib. xvi. cap. 16.

Woo contemplation from the thrones of bliſs,
And ſhew rapt wiſdom all the vaſt abyſs.
Nor thrills not dreadful harmony our ear,
When the great deep's careering flood we hear;
Or ſtruggling vapours vollied thunder urge,
And Nature trembles on her utmoſt verge *.
Such joys ſevere, with heavenly muſing fraught,
Wake the ſtill energies of virtuous thought,
Teach us the wealth of reaſon to adore
Beyond each dazzling gem, or barren ore;
And, as we miniſter at Nature's ſhrine,
To be in goodneſs, as in pow'r, divine.

11 : 7 : 49

* On the firſt of November, 1755, when the great earthquake happened at Liſbon, a violent noiſe was heard in the mines in Derbyſhire; and from the extent of that earthquake, it is conjectured that this ſubterraneous thunder muſt have been heard above three thouſand miles.—See Whitehurſt on the Formation of the Earth, and Mr. Michell's Treatiſe on Earthquakes.

THE END.